The Cheerful Letter

EVERY PLACE A CHURCH; EVERY DAY THE LORD'S DAY; ALL EVENTS BLESSINGS; ALL JOY THANKSGIVING; AND ALL NATURE AND LIFE FULL OF GOD.—*James Freeman Clarke.*

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THE CHEERFUL LETTER.

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AMERICA, THE BEAUTIFUL.

O beautiful for spacious skies,
For amber waves of grain,
For purple mountain majesties
Above the fruited plain!
America! America!
God shed his grace on thee,
And crown thy good with brotherhood
From sea to shining sea!

O beautiful for pilgrim feet,
Whose stern, impassioned stress,
A thoroughfare for freedom beat
Across the wilderness!
America! America!
God mend thine every flaw,
Confirm thy soul in self-control,
Thy liberty in law!

O beautiful for glorious tale
Of liberating strife,
When valiantly for man's avail,
Men lavished precious life!
America! America!
May God thy gold refine,
Till all success be nobleness,
And every gain divine!

O beautiful for patriot dream
That sees beyond the years
Thine alabaster cities gleam
Undimmed by human tears!
America! America!
God shed his grace on thee,
And crown thy good with brotherhood
From sea to shining sea!

—*Katharine Lee Bates.*

OUR FREEDOM TO DECIDE.

Who among us are really free—free in the broadest and the truest sense of the term? It seems at the very outset we are placed somewhat at a disadvantage because we were not even consulted in regard to whether we would prefer to reside on this planet or any other. Away back in the dim twilight of the years that have passed we have gradually grown into the consciousness of our existence and are confronted with the fact that we have it within our power either to make or mar our lives, to be a credit to or bring discredit upon the sacred name of humanity.

I have just been reading the life story of Theodore Parker and find there a very significant story of how, when rambling about one bright sunny day, he found a spotted tortoise, and, without thinking of the pain his action might incur, he raised a stick to strike it, when a voice within him distinctly said, "It is wrong!" He dropped the stick and hastened back across the fields to his mother in order that he might question her regarding that voice he had heard. When he reached his mother he was out of breath, and she lifted him up on to her lap and listened to all he had to say. Then, with eyes moist with tears, she said: "That voice you have heard some men call conscience, but I prefer to call it the voice of God in the soul of man. *If you will listen to it, it will lead you right;* but if you turn a deaf ear and disobey, then it will fade out little by little and leave you in the dark. Your life depends on your heeding this little voice."

"What has that to do with the question as to whether we are really free?" says some one. My point is that Parker was free to do other than he did. There was apparently nothing to hinder him smashing that tortoise to pieces. He was free to do it, but he did not. Happy is the man or the woman who, when tempted, yields not, but rather seeks to live in accord with that which is highest, noblest, and best within the soul.

We know that we may eat as much as we like; we are free to do so, but if we eat too much the consequence is indigestion. A man is free to smoke as much as he likes, if he pays for his tobacco; yet too much of anything whatsoever is not good for either

man, woman, or child. "Moderation is the silver thread running through the pearl chain of all our virtues." The man who is a slave to that pernicious habit of imbibing too much drink considers his freedom is being interfered with when he is debarred from taking all he wants, and is even prepared to pay for, maybe at the expense of a neglected family at home.

We are free only to seek to live our own lives in conformity with that which is highest, noblest, and best. As soon as a man becomes powerless to cast off at will any habit which he feels is detrimental to his highest development, he becomes a slave. Huxley said, "The only freedom I care about is *the freedom to do right;* the freedom to do wrong I am ready to part with on the cheapest terms to any one who will take it of me."

It is obviously quite an erroneous idea to suppose that being "free" implies doing just as we like. Rather does it imply the living of our lives in conformity with the highest and best that we can conceive; for against such living there is no law. Longfellow rightly says:—

"All thoughts of ill;—all evil deeds,
That have their roots in thoughts of ill;—
Whatever hinders or impedes
The action of the nobler Will;
All these must first be trampled down
Beneath our feet, if we would gain
In the bright fields of fair renown
The right of eminent domain!"

—*The Christian Life.*

THE FRIENDSHIP OF GOD.

It is a real and vital experience of religion of which we are thinking. There is little enough of value in a mere profession of religion, a formal or shallow faith. We have in mind a religious experience that affects one's entire life, that gives a color, a tone, an atmosphere to every word, that is like the salt in food or the oxygen in a room,—invisible, yet making all different. What can such a real, living, pervasive religion as that do for one?

To put the answer in a sentence, such an experience of friendship with God will do for you just what any real and noble friendship will do, only with greater steadiness and power than characterizes any earthly friendship. Religion is friendship at its best, love at its purest and strongest.

One of the sure results of living thus in the consciousness of the abiding friendship of God is moral restraint and stimulus. Probably there is no one of us who would not do when alone some things which he would refrain from doing in the presence of his best friend. And in the presence of a true friend one can do what he could not do alone. His presence puts both restraint and stimulus into our souls. One of the chief values of a noble friendship is that it keeps one living at his best. . . . What must it not mean, then, to live in the consciousness that your every word and act is in the presence of the holiest and highest of all friends? If you could honestly believe that, wherever you walk, there walks with you one like unto the Son of Man,—a presence that shames the worst in you and calls out the best, would not your life be set up on a higher plane of conduct and thought?—*W. P. Merrill.*

THE STILL HOUR.

Upon thy bended knees thank God for work!
Work,—once man's penance, now his high reward.
For work to do, and strength to do the work,
We thank Thee, Lord!

A toiler with his hands was God's own Son!
Like Him, to Him, be all thy work well done.
None so forlorn as he that hath no work;
None so abject as he that work doth shirk.

Upon thy bended knees thank God for work!
In workless days all ills and evils lurk.
For work to do, and strength to do the work,
We thank Thee, Lord!

—*John Oxenham.*

God is our refuge and strength, a very present help in trouble.—Ps. xlvi. 1.

I the Lord do keep it; I will water it every moment; lest any hurt it, I will keep it night and day.—Isa. xxvii. 3.

Fear thou not, for I am with thee: be not dismayed, for I am thy God; I will strengthen thee; yea, I will help thee; yea, I will uphold thee with the right hand of my righteousness.—Isa. xli. 10.

For without Me ye can do nothing.—John xv. 5.

I can do all things through Christ which strengtheneth me.—Phil. iv. 13.

Before they call, I will answer.—Isa. lxv. 24.

THE BOOK AND MAGAZINE CLUB.

Send all offers and requests for this department to Mrs. W. B. Nichols, 25 Fairmount Way, Quincy, Mass., Tel. Quincy 1140.

Please remember, when you see a request for a book in the Book Club, to write a card to Mrs. Nichols asking "*Shall* I send such a book to such a person?" before sending it, else the person who requests it may receive several copies. When any one writes directly to you, asking for a book offered by you, send a card to Mrs. Nichols, saying that you *have* sent it. When you receive more requests than you can meet, send these to the Book Club to be printed here.

It is with sadness we record the death of our earnest, interested, faithful charter member,—Miss Anna F. Anderson of Lowell, Mass.

"Sweet is the memory of departed friends,
As mellow rays of the departing sun
Fall tenderly yet sadly on the heart."

Mrs. J. J. Becker's address is now Fort Niagara, New York.

Mrs. J. Porter is now at Bridgeboro, North County, Georgia, Route 1.

OFFERS.

For the following apply to Mrs. F. R. Galacar, 74 Mt. Vernon Street, Boston, Mass.: "Essays of Elia," Lamb; "Richard Carvel," Winston Churchill; "Vision of Sir Launfal," J. R. Lowell; "Blithedale Romance," "True Stories," Hawthorne; "The Turmoil," Booth Tarkington; "The Boy Travellers," T. W. Knox; *American Forestry Magazine*, 1919; *Atlantic Monthly*, 1920; London *Illustrated Weekly Times*, January to June, 1920; *Electrical World*, 1920; *The Living Age*, five months of 1920.

Books offered by Hawes Branch. Address Miss D. G. Putnam, 557 Fifth Street, South Boston 27, Mass. "Elementary Lessons in Physical Geography," Geikie; "Geographical Readers Nos. 5, 6, 8," Philips; "Methods of Teaching Geography"; "Guide for Science Teaching," Crosby; "Arithmetic," Fish; "Classic German Course in English," Wilkinson; "The Rhine," also "Table Talk," Hugo; "A Touch of Portugal"; "The Abandoned Farmer"; "Dembie and I"; "Tales of a Wayside Inn," Longfellow; "Enoch Arden," Tennyson; "Ethics of the Dust," Ruskin; "Drummond's Addresses."

Mrs. W. B. Nichols, 25 Fairmount Way, Quincy, Mass., offers (especially to teachers for use in their schools) Shakespeare's "Merchant of Venice," "Midsummer Night's Dream," "The Tempest," and "Much Ado About Nothing."

REQUESTS.

1. I am an aged mother who has had twelve children, five deaf and dumb; ten are living and two dead. I had one daughter deaf and dumb who died and left her baby with me to rear. She is a little girl of about nine years. My children and grandchildren are scattered all over the country, and some of the boys served the country in the last war. Now, please have some one send my little grandchild some books or anything that can help her; and I myself, who cannot read or write, would like some patchwork or anything that might keep me employed. I am now old and dependent and should be glad of any help the Cheerful Letter friends may give me. Mrs. Ida McLendon, Box 208, Ansonville, North Carolina.

2. Mrs. H. V. Parkhill, 115 Blanton Street, Gainesville, Texas, is in poor health and very lonely. She would appreciate letters, magazines, and any cheer that could be sent her.

3. Mrs. E. M. Bailey, Box 102, Tewksbury, Mass., would be grateful for books to cheer a shut-in existence, and which she gladly engages to "pass along." She has a preference for poetry (inspirational) and travels; but any good book or reading matter is welcome.

4. Mrs. J. G. Hartsoe, Bina, North Carolina, asks for good reading for herself and children, seven, four, and two years of age.

5. Mrs. S. A. Pedigo, Vinton, Virginia, asks for "The Calling of Dan Matthews," "The Shepherd of the Hills," and cards.

6. I am very grateful for reading sent me in the past. I would like to receive the April, 1920, number of the *Pictorial Review* and copies up through July, 1920, if any one has it. Any reading and quilt pieces will certainly be appreciated. Mrs. John R. Harris, Pedlar Mills, Virginia.

7. School recitations and good reading will be appreciated by Mrs. F. H. Higginbotham, Sandidges, Virginia, Route 2, Box 51.

8. Reading is asked for by Mrs. Venie Earp, Boomer, North Carolina, Route 2. She has two small boys and is confined closely at home.

9. Russell F. Gordon, Keystone, Nebraska, will be grateful for any of Zane Grey's or B. M. Bowers's books.

10. B. F. Capps, Hendersonville, North Carolina, Route 1, Box 112, asks for any copies of the *Musician* or the *Étude;* especially would like something on voice culture.

11. Mrs. H. M. Gillis, Stovall, North Carolina, asks for any of Grace S. Richmond's books.

12. Mrs. A. J. McQueen, Rowland, North Carolina, needs a book of games or seat-play for children.

13. I thank all the dear friends who have sent cards to my baby, and books and quilt pieces, which I appreciated very much indeed. And I hope that the friends will not forget me. I have moved way up near Niagara Falls and find it very lonesome at this Fort, as I know no one; and I have to keep the baby indoors, for it is very cold here at times. Baby would like some picture-books; he is a little over three years old. I myself would like reading, quilt pieces, or crochet thread of any kind. I would also appreciate friendly letters; and I thank all for what we received in the past. Mrs. J. Becker, Fort Niagara, New York.

14. I have been receiving *The Cheerful Letter* and do so much enjoy it. Would like some good books for myself and little grandchild seven years of age. I would like to receive the following books, if not asking too much: "Across the Plains," "The New Warden," "Queen Hortense," and some picture-books and reading for my little girl. I pass on all the reading I receive; have belonged to the Cheerful Letter Club for several years and think it a grand thing. I thank all friends for the cheer they have given in the past. Mrs. Jessie F. Mosley, Delaplaine, Arkansas, Route 1, Box 91.

15. I enjoy *The Cheerful Letter* so much and wish to thank the kind friend who sends it. I would like to have *Needlecraft* or *Priscilla* and the *Ladies' Home Journal* for myself, and the *Youth's Companion* for the children. I have five children, the oldest a boy of fourteen years; Elizabeth is twelve; Helen is seven. They are all fond of reading and we don't have money to take magazines. I am getting *Harper's Magazine,* which I enjoy, from a Cheerful Letter friend. I would be so glad of any good reading for myself and the children, I stay at home so closely in winter. Elizabeth would like to have "Five Little Peppers Grown Up," by Margaret Sidney. Thanking all for past favors, may God bless the Cheerful Letter people! Mrs. A. E. Hicks, Monroe, Virginia, Box 156.

16. Mrs. Quincy Ashley, Warrensville, North Carolina, asks for reading for herself and husband. She has one little girl who loves pictures.

17. I am a schoolboy of seventeen and would be glad to receive reading, especially history. Would also like to receive *The Cheerful Letter.* J. S. Ashley, Bina, North Carolina.

18. I, too, would like to join the Club and exchange anything I can for the *Ladies' Home Journal, Needlecraft,* or any good books. I could send *McCall's* in exchange. Mrs. A. C. Watts, Pleasant View, Virginia.

19. Mrs. Walter L. Burleigh, Madison Heights, Virginia, will be grateful for *Needlecraft, Good Housekeeping,* or the *Geographic.* She is most grateful for all that has been sent her. A nine-months-old infant does not leave her time for correspondence.

20. Mrs. C. B. Merrick, Methuen, Mass., R. D., asks for any books on psychology or health culture.

21. Mrs. Emma Stevens, New Boston, New Hampshire, Box 166, a shut-in during the winter, will be grateful and appreciative of good reading.

22. Mrs. Ambrose Coffey, Alto, Virginia, will be glad of reading and scraps for quilts.

23. I should be pleased if some Cheerful Letter ladies would send me *Good Housekeeping,* beginning with February number, 1921. Any magazine or book will be appreciated. Mrs. R. C. Bright, Roosevelt, Oklahoma, R. F. D. No. 3.

24. Mrs. P. J. McGehee, Vulcan, Virginia, asks for organ music.

25. I wish to thank you all for helping to give the children a nice Christmas. Everything you sent was appreciated, and I am sure you would all have been glad to see how happy it made the children who received the things. I have moved out on a little farm and hope my friends will not forget me. I would be so glad to get the *Ladies' Home Journal* or *Delineator,*—in fact, any good reading matter, and quilt scraps. This is a lonely place. I have no neighbors. Any remembrance will be appreciated. My ad-

dress is now Bridgeboro, North County, Georgia, R. F. D. 1. Mrs. J. Porter.

26. Mrs. H. B. Pryor, Naola, Virginia, will be glad of reading for herself and husband, who is an invalid. Mrs. Pryor will be grateful for books on crocheting.

27. I would be glad of any good story-books, magazines, or any good reading; also cards and picture-books for my three children would be appreciated,—one boy of eleven, girl five, baby boy two. Mrs. Agnes Allen, Haskell, Oklahoma, Route 1, Box 61.

28. Will some one please send me the *National Geographic Magazine*, *Ladies' Home Journal*, and "The League of Nations"? Mrs. J. M. Lovin, Rockingham, North Carolina, Route 3, Box 35.

29. I received the papers you sent me several months ago, but have neglected to write and thank you for them. I must thank you now, for I sure did enjoy them. Thank you very much! Could you send me Harper's "Out-door Book for Boys"? Also Harper's "Electricity Book for Boys"? I would like to have a book telling how to build bird-houses and most anything, for I like to make things. I am going to be an electrical engineer if I get to go to college, which I think I will. I would like anything on electricity; also something to read. Thanking you again for the things you have sent me. Clyde Rice, Highlands, North Carolina.

THE MOTHERS' COUNCIL.

IN HOUSECLEANING TIME.

Dust and grease, the housekeeper's perpetual enemies, have to meet a special campaign each spring. Dust itself is merely a general name given to very finely powdered bits of many kinds of material,—dirt and sand that have been blown in from the road, finely broken specks of material from tree branches, bushes, and dry weeds, tiny fragments of cotton and woollen threads from our own clothes, the dried remnants of many kinds of unpleasant rubbish "tracked in" on wet days,—the different kinds of stuff that may be covered by the general name of "dust" are almost countless. The thing is unsightly and disagreeable; we naturally want it out of the way for that reason. We have a still stronger reason for trying to get rid of it in the fact that (as modern science has proved over and over again) quite innocent-looking dust may and often does serve as a breeding-ground for ugly germs or bacteria of diseases.

Bacteria are living things, the smallest of all living things. Only a very powerful microscope makes them distinguishable by the human eye. They increase, under certain conditions, with a speed which can hardly be imagined. Not all bacteria are harmful,—but accumulations of dust in the home are always likely to harbor some harmful kind.

How can we keep reasonably secure against these?

The first requisite for cleanliness is *light*, direct sunlight if possible.

Still more plentiful than sunlight is *air*. We cannot, even if we would, shut air out entirely from our houses; but there is dirty air just as there is dirty water or dirty clothing. *Pure air* is the second essential for cleanliness. The air about us is what we make it. The products of our breathing, waste matter from our bodies, these load the air with impurities unless we have constantly fresh supplies. Some of these unclean elements, when mixed with the air, are quickly recognized by sight, smell, or taste; others are not recognized by our senses, but show their effect in weakened and diseased bodies.

Besides dust and bacteria of various sorts, our houses, in the course of every-day living, are more or less defaced with grease of one kind and another. The processes of cooking and washing send vapors out through the rooms, and these vapors, cooling in tiny quantities here and there, stick the dust-particles together and stick them to the surface of woodwork, to floors and walls, windows, rugs, and curtains. We all have more of this grease added to the dust than we should have if our houses were more thoroughly and frequently ventilated. In practical fact, it complicates the housecleaning process for all of us.

Soaps are preparations which contain enough alkaline matter to dissolve grease and remove it; every housekeeper knows that they vary greatly, some acting so gently as not to harm the most delicate material, some so strong and harsh that, though they do indeed take away grease, they also take off the underlying paint and almost take the skin off the worker's fingers! Experience is a reliable guide here, though sometimes costly. There are many excellent cleaning soaps on the market. Liquid ammonia is another efficient aid at cleaning-time. The wise housekeeper follows carefully the directions on the bottle, as to the quantity to be used.

Polished furniture will not stand the ap-

plication of harsh alkalies; they promptly take off the glossy finish and often the color too. Common kerosene, a few drops on a soft cloth, will often remove greasy soil from furniture and from woodwork that has a finish of enamel paint. The surface should be gently rubbed dry after cleaning, for, if kerosene is left itself smearing the surface, it will attract more dust, and the result may be no improvement at all.

Papered walls should be gently wiped over with a *dry* cloth of some soft material that will not scrape or scratch the colored patterns. A soft piece of clean cotton flannel tied over the brush part of a common broom answers very well for wiping down papered walls.

There are many good preparations for washing window-glass, to be obtained at grocers' shops. Common kerosene again (a tablespoonful to a quart of warm water) is almost as good for taking off grease and dust, though it does not work well against fly-specks. Old newspapers are excellent for polishing the glass after actual dirt has been removed.—*Adapted from "The Chemistry of Cooking and Cleaning," by E. H. Richards.*

CHILDREN'S CLASSICS.

THE ORIGIN OF THE CORN.

The corn which American farmers raise now in nearly all parts of our country is a plant native to this continent. European people had never known anything about it until some of the early explorers who crossed the Atlantic ocean carried back accounts of it, and samples of the grain as souvenirs of their adventurous journeys.

One section of "Hiawatha," Longfellow's famous poem of Indian life and legend, tells in this fanciful way an old story of the origin of corn: Hiawatha, the heroic young leader of his people, sorrowed over the scanty food on which his people had to live; he believed that the Great Spirit must have more and better things for them. He went off alone into the forest, to open his heart and his mind and to listen humbly for a message from the Great Spirit.

"On the fourth day of his fasting,
In his lodge he lay exhausted;
From his couch of leaves and branches
Gazing with half-open eyelids,
Full of shadowy dreams and visions,
On the dizzy, swimming landscape,
On the gleaming of the water,
On the splendor of the sunset.

And he saw a youth approaching,
Dressed in garments green and yellow,
Coming through the purple twilight,
Through the splendor of the sunset;
Plumes of green bent o'er his forehead,
And his hair was soft and golden.

Standing at the open doorway,
Long he looked at Hiawatha;
And, in accents like the sighing
Of the South Wind in the treetops,
Said he,—'O, my Hiawatha,
All your prayers are heard in heaven;
For you pray not like the others,
Not for triumph in the battle
Nor renown among the warriors,
But for profit of the people,
For advantage of the nations.
From the Master-of-Life descending,
I, the friend of man, Mondamin,*
Come to warn you and instruct you
How by struggle and by labor
You shall gain what you have prayed for.'"

The strange youth then challenged Hiawatha to wrestle with him, and the two matched their strength; Hiawatha put forth all his powers, and grew steadily stronger and stronger, until the stranger mysteriously vanished. The next day, and the next at sunset, he came again, and the wrestling was renewed; Hiawatha's strength grew and grew. Again the stranger vanished; then he came yet once more.

"Tall and beautiful he stood there,
In his garments green and yellow;
To and fro his plumes above him,
Waved and nodded with his breathing,
And the sweat of the encounter
Stood like drops of dew upon him.
And he cried,—'O, Hiawatha,
Bravely have you wrestled with me,
Thrice have wrestled stoutly with me;
And the Master-of-Life, who sees us,
He will give to you the triumph.'"

The beautiful stranger then went on to tell Hiawatha that in a last wrestling match the decisive victory should be given as an answer to his prayer. After the victory,—so Hiawatha was told,—he must lay the fallen stranger on the ground.

"'Make a bed for me to lie in,
Where the rain may fall upon me,
Where the sun may come and warm me;
Strip these garments, green and yellow,
Strip this nodding plumage from me;
Lay me in the earth, and make it
Soft and loose and light above me;
Only come yourself to watch me,
Till I wake and start and quicken,—
Till I leap into the sunshine.'"

*Pronounce in three syllables with accent on the middle syllable.

Hiawatha did as he was told. He laid the strange youth to rest in the earth; then he watched and waited, waited, waited,—

"Till at length a small green feather
From the earth shot slowly upward,
Then another and another,
And before the summer ended,
Stood the maize in all its beauty,
With its shining robes about it,
And its long, soft, yellow tresses;
And, in rapture, Hiawatha
Cried aloud; 'It is Mondamin!
Yes, the friend of man, Mondamin!'

And, still later, when the autumn
Changed the long, green leaves to yellow,
And the soft and juicy kernels
Grew like wampum hard and yellow,
Then the ripened ears he gathered,
Stripped the withered husks from off them,
Gave the first Feast of Mondamin,
And made known unto the people
This new gift of the Great Spirit."

—*H. W. Longfellow.*

NATURAL SCIENCE.

THE BIRD AS A FLYING MACHINE.

It is little wonder that man, in his efforts to learn to fly, went to the bird, and tried to invent wings that would lift him from the ground. But wings alone do not make the bird nor account for its ability to defy the action of gravity. A man no more becomes a bird just because he has wings than does a hat become a bird just because it has feathers! It is not alone the fact of the birds' wings that makes them capable of flight; it is the hundreds of little and big adaptations of their bodies, their legs, their tails, their heads, their very bones, that lift them from the ground and drive them successfully through the air. It was not until these principles were thoroughly understood and applied that a really successful aëroplane was invented.

Above all else, a flying-machine must be light. The materials used must be the lightest that are compatible with strength, and there must be no unnecessary materials or parts. In a bird, the feathers are the strongest structures, *for their weight,* that are anywhere known. A wonderful thing about them is the arrangement of the flight quills in the wings, which give the greatest possible resistance to the air on the downward stroke of the wing, and the least possible resistance on the upward stroke. Test the wing quills of any vigorous flying bird with your fingers; see how easily the finger goes through from one direction and how much resistance is offered when the finger takes the other direction.

There are other ways in which the bird's light weight is secured. Examine the bones of a cooked fowl after dinner. The marrow that we find in an animal's bones is absent; the fowl's bones are hollow and their walls are thin, in spite of the fact of their strength for all practical purposes. In the living fowl they are connected with the lungs by air sacs, and are themselves filled with air. This makes the flying bird extraordinarily light for its size.

A bird has no teeth. An efficient flying creature could not afford to weigh itself down with the heavy jaw-bones that are necessary for holding teeth. Nature gives the bird an entirely different method of grinding its food; that work is done in the stomach with machinery that has very little weight.

Strength as well as lightness is required in the body of a flying bird; and here again the examination of the bony skeleton of a roast fowl will show anybody how wonderfully the bones are joined together to make a "taut" whole that will not give and wabble under a strain. The ribs overlap and are fastened both to the backbone and the breastbone. What we call the wishbone is really the pair of collar-bones fused together to give greater strength to the attachment of the wings. The white meat on the breast of a fowl is the material of the breast muscles, which manipulate the wings; these are, comparatively speaking, hundreds of times more powerful than the similar muscles in a man.

Then there is the important matter of motive power. Until gasoline was discovered and the gasoline engine was invented, man's flight was impossible because all the available engines and fuels were too heavy. Even now an aëroplane can carry only enough gasoline for a comparatively limited flight. A golden plover often flies twenty-five hundred miles without stopping (from Nova Scotia to the nearer parts of South America or from Alaska to the Hawaiian Islands), with only the fat of its own body for fuel. This fat is burned up by oxidation as the bird breathes; but the beating of a bird's heart, and the pumping of air into its body, is so much more rapid a process than the corresponding process in a man, that the bird develops an immensely greater amount of muscular power than the man, in proportion to their relative size. His motor is the most effective that can be imagined for the purpose.—*Adapted from "Bird Lore," January–February, 1921.*

THE CHEERFUL LETTER EXCHANGE.

Chairman of the Cheerful Letter Exchange, Mrs. W. B. Nichols, 25 Fairmount Way, Quincy, Mass.

Secretary of the Cheerful Letter Exchange, Mrs. Francis Hastings, Kendal Green, Mass.

Editor of The Cheerful Letter, Miss L. Freeman Clarke, 5 Brimmer Street, Boston, Mass.

Book Club Secretary, Mrs. W. B. Nichols, 25 Fairmount Way, Quincy, Mass.

Subscriptions to this paper (50 cents per year) should be sent to The Cheerful Letter Exchange, 25 Beacon Street, Boston, Mass. Checks or postal orders should be payable to The Cheerful Letter Exchange.

OBJECTS.

1. To cheer and comfort the lonely and discouraged—not only invalids, but all who need cheer and comfort—by the interchange of letters and by gifts of books and periodicals.

2. To supply in some measure to young people in remote places the lack of schools, by gifts of school-books, letters, and, for those who desire it, correspondence classes on history, the natural sciences, and other interesting branches of study. If any desire to join such classes, they may send their names to our secretary.

3. Also to supply, to some extent, the lack of a church. One good sermon or similar article is printed in each number of the paper. These sermons are never doctrinal, but practical, and intended to cheer and comfort the sorrowful and aid in giving a vital religion without regard to sect or creed.

Any minister (of any sect) who receives this paper is cordially invited to distribute the copies of *The Cheerful Letter* received among lonely members of his parish, shut-ins or invalids of whom he may know. He is also invited to write to our headquarters (see address on this page) and give names and addresses of those who may be cheered and helped by becoming our correspondents.

No *theology* is disseminated in our paper. All the religious matter is intended merely to strengthen, cheer, and comfort those in need of such practical help.

IMPORTANT NOTICES.

To fill the unusual demand for copies of The Cheerful Letter, *it will be greatly appreciated by the Committee if friends will do personal canvassing during the year and bring in a list of new subscriptions. Many of our correspondents feel that they can no longer afford to subscribe, but deplore the loss of the paper.*

OFFERS.

Givers of books are reminded that only books of instructive or wholesome nature should be offered in the Book Club. Classics, educational works, and standard novels are always acceptable.

REQUESTS.

THE ATTENTION OF READERS IS CALLED TO THE FOLLOWING NOTICE:—

It is a rule of the Cheerful Letter Exchange that no one may ask for money, clothing, or other articles, except books and magazines.

The name of any person who fails to obey this rule will be dropped from our list. Any worker receiving such a request should send the letter at once to headquarters.

CIRCULATING LIBRARIES.

The Cheerful Letter Exchange offers to start a circulating library in any small community needing one, providing proper location and care can be furnished and satisfactory references supplied. Apply to Mrs. H. A. Stevens, 76 Edgemere Road, Quincy, Mass.

STUDIES AT HOME.

The Home Study Committee of the Cheerful Letter Exchange is planning for more efficient work.

Our aim is to help in subjects in which one is deficient; to help one fit himself for a higher grade of work.

We have books used in the schools here, which can be used for supplementary work in the schoolroom or in the home.

Make all applications for this department to Mrs. George G. Saville, 30 Woodward Avenue, Quincy, Mass.

MUSIC.

The music sent out by this department has in the past given much pleasure; and, now that there is more and more interest in "community singing" the calls for help may naturally be expected to be greater.

Offers and requests should be sent to Mrs. Thomas Lacey, 35 East 30th Street, New York City, or to All Souls Church, Fourth Avenue and 20th Street, New York City.